

The History of

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-
set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-
staffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
ving the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeves
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweares to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poin. How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

*But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well contented to bee
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be cōtented, why is he not then? in the respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tel you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,
we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you Undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
Uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too light, for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so: say you so. I say vn to you a gaine you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lack-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends
true & cōstant: a good plot, good friends, & full of expectatiō:
an excellēt plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue
is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zounds & I were now by this rascal,
I could braine him with his Ladies. Is there not my fa-
ther, my vncl, and my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my
Lorde of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? is there not besides the
Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meet me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not som of them set for-
ward already? what a pagan raskall is this, and infidel? Ha, you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, wil he to
the King, and lay open al our proceedings. O, I could diuide
my

Henrie the fourth.

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King,
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

Lady O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomack, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou a bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyd musing, and curst melacholly?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watche,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ranfome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue apeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot what ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agor.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord,

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Hot.

